For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeake.
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.
Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*
Ant. It is that any thing now.
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reaſons are as two graines of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhal ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.
Ant. Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.
Baſſ. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
Hovv much I have diſſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhovving a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you you-ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my Schoole daies, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

I ſhot

I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe
The ſelfe ſame vvay, vvith m
To find the other forth, and b
I oft found both: I urge thi
Becauſe what followes is pu
I owe you much, and like a v
That which I owe is loſt; but
To ſhoot another arrow that
Which you did ſhoot the firſ
As I will watch the ayme, or
Or bring your latter hazzard
And thankefully reſt debter f
An. You know me well,
To winde about my love wit
And out of doubt you do mer
In making queſtion of my utt
Then if you had made vvaſt e
Then doe but ſay to me vvhat
That in your knowledge may
And I am preſt unto it: theref
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady
And ſhe is faire, and fairer the
Of vvondrous vertues; ſomet
I did receive faire ſpeechleſſe
Her name is *Portia*, nothing
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus P*
Nor is the wide vvorld ignor
For the foure vvinds blow in
Renowned ſutors, and her ſun
Hang on her temples like a go
Which makes her ſeat of *Belm*
And many *Iaſons* come in que
O my *Anthonio*, had I but th
To hold a rivall place vvith o
I have a minde preſages me ſu
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be
Anth. Thou knowſt that a
Neither have I money, nor co

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